

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FLY, BIRDIE!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HAROLD ST. CLAIR.

Fly, birdie, o'er the land,
Fly, birdie, o'er the sea,
And bring me word why one I love
Is so unkind to me.

He trode along the ancient street,
Knocked bravely once, no more,—
He heard the tread of tripping feet,
A vision ope'd the door.

O radiant face and radiant eyes,
O voice of trembling bliss!
Twere worth a journey round the world,
A welcome like to this!

O radiant face and radiant eyes,
O shape so like and free,
Until I reach the peopled skies,
Fairest I shall not see!

Could that hour pass and fade away,
And leave no thought behind?
Could either e'er forget that day,
Though death should dull the mind?

If this could be, what may not be?
Joy's height, woe's deepest pain,
May all rub out 'neath the slow years'
Alternate sun and rain.

And yet perhaps 'twere better thus;
Butter than all should go,
And leave no memory and no trace,
As perished last year's snow.

Or else at least may deem that hour
Better forgot—and now
Welcome another with rapt tone,
And radiant eye and brow.

Fly, birdie, then, o'er the land,
Fly, birdie, o'er the sea,
And bring me word if one I love
No longer cares for me.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "ANTONY'S BAITER," "PHANTOM OF
THE FLOOD," "PEACOCK FLOWER," "CLARA
MORLAND," "FORGOTTEN WILKS," ETC.

[Dedicated according to Act of Congress, in the year
1901, by Emerson Bennett, to the Clerk of the
District Court of the United States, in and for
the Eastern District of Texas, under title 1.

CHAPTER XIX.

A HAPPY ESCAPE.

Four days passed away—four days of peril,
hardship, and suffering, and then at last—pale,
gaunt, and faint—my father-in-law, my mother,
and my sister, all three, were seen, with their
breathless and broken bodies, in front of a beautiful
manor, whose massive garden walls enclosed
many a broad acre of all that earth could forth-
bring as the gift of the gods.

Four days a wanderer and a fugitive! with
little rest, less food, and constantly pursued
either in imagination or reality, and sometimes
both, by bold, bad men, all thirsting for my
blood.

The first night of my escape I spent in wan-
dering among the mountains, and a little after
daylight I climbed a large tree, in whose branches
I remained through the day. And well was it
for me that I did so—for long before noon some-
three or four men passed in pursuit of me, and
no power on earth could have saved me had I
again fallen into their hands. At dark I came
down, and, weary and faint, I knew not
whether to rest or to go on.

That night I got out of the mountain,
and at daylight found myself crossing a
large plain, through a thicket, so dense that
I was continually obliged to part the bushes
with my hands. I labored forward in this man-
ner till my strength became exhausted, and
then, throwing myself down on the ground, I
fell asleep. A few hours sleep refreshed me,
and I again set forward, and before light I got
out of the thicket and came to a miserable
hut, where I procured some food, but could
learn nothing concerning the locality, nor in
what direction to take my course to reach Soto
de Marina.

But who dwell upon those four days of wan-
dering? Let it suffice that on the evening of
the fourth day, just as the shadows of night had
begun to steal rapidly over the earth, I found
myself in front of a beautiful manor, in the forest
condition described at the opening of this chapter.
It was the first respectable dwelling I had seen
since my escape from the outlaw's, but though
greatly in need of human assistance, I remained
for some time in doubt of the propriety of rap-
idly placing myself in the power of those who
might prove to be my enemies.

At length, however, urged on by my second
wife, I decided for the venture, and almost
crawling to the main gate, I knocked for admis-

sion. At first there was no answer, and I
began to tremble lest I had come upon a de-
serted dwelling. I repeated my signal for ad-
mittance, and was soon greatly rejoiced to hear
a sharp, clear voice demand:

"Who is there?"
"A stranger in distress," I replied.

The gate was partially opened, and I was
clearly scrutinized by some one on the inside.
"Are you alone?" demanded the voice.

"I am alone, weak and famishing," I faintly
replied.

At this the gate was opened a few feet wider,
and I was bidden to enter, which I did, and
found myself in the presence of two men, the
one a priest and the other the porter. As soon
as I beheld the priest, which I did by a light
held in his hand, a feeling of relief and
security came over me, and looking up in
his face, I was surprised to recognize the fea-
tures of the curate I had seen at the hacienda of
Don Ramon de La Mora.

"We first met at Palo Alto," said I, as he
stood looking curiously at me, with the expres-
sion of one who is endeavoring to recall some-
thing past.

"Ah, yes," he replied; "I thought I per-
ceived something familiar in your countenance."
"Can I claim hospitality here, let me be of
what faction I may?" I inquired.

"We all have need of charity, and should
never fail to bestow it where we can," he re-
plied. "Let me light you to the hall, and order
you some refreshment—for, by your looks, you
need food and rest."

"To whom does this dwelling belong?" I in-
quired, as I followed him up a broad flight of
stone steps, which led to the main hall.

"It is owned by a Spanish lady, a widow,
who is distantly related to Don Ramon de La
Mora."

"Speaking of Don Ramon, good father, do
you know if he has returned to Palo Alto?" I
inquired.

"Yes, because he could not think himself
safe there, with General Mina at Soto de Marina,
and he could not have heard of the general's de-
parture, in time to have returned at this present
speaking."

"And has General Mina left Soto de Marina?"
I inquired, in surprise and alarm.

"He passed here yesterday, with most of his
troops, and did so in the hope to take away some
goods belonging to Don Ramon, without so
much as saying, 'My wife, good night!'"

"Passed here yesterday?" repeated I. "Can
you tell me whether he has gone?"

"I cannot; but there is one of his officers
here, who, overcome by the heat and fatigue,
was not in a condition to resume the march
when the troops left at an early hour yesterday
morning."

"That good father, let me see this officer!"
said I, a little excited by the intelligence.

"In good time, my son, I think the ladies are
with him now, and besides you will be all the
better for some refreshment first. There, here
we are," he continued, as he pointed me to a
seat in the hall, and rang a small silver bell,
"and you shall soon have something to cheer
the inner man."

To the servant who answered his ring, he
gave some orders, and then, returning to me, he
sat down by my side, and said, in a kindly tone:

"You have travelled far, my son, and through
thorny paths."

"Not rather through thorny thickets without
paths," returned I. "Confess, good father, you
are curious to know why I appear before you in
this sad plight?"

"Let me guess that you confess, my son, and
then I shall know," he said, in a kindly tone.

"But suppose I am not of your faith?"
"Then the more need that you do confess," he
laughed.

"Well," said I, "having first met you under
the roof of Don Ramon, and in the presence of
the true-hearted, honorable curate, I think I can
trust you."

"In the presence of a Spanish curate!" he re-
plied, in surprise. "I do not remember it."

"Do you remember the young Patriot officer,
who visited Don Ramon the night before his
flight, and who was wounded by General La
Mora, and for whom the fair daughter so boldly
interposed?"

"But you are not that officer?"
"The same," he replied.

"But then, how the same I were then—for
this is the gift of a medal in the service of the
terrible Romadillo!"

He instantly changed color, made the sign of
the cross, and exclaimed:

"Holy Virgin! what do you mean, my son?"
"That since that night some very wonderful
things have happened to me, good father. First
I was murdered, secondly, reborn, thirdly, I
became a poor, wandering, almost
famished fugitive."

The full round face of the priest took on a
look of wonder and commiseration, and he
muttered to himself:

"Poor fellow! he has lost his reason."
"Nay, good father, so far from that, I have
enough to satisfy even you of the truth of all I
have stated."

"Ah, here comes the wine," he said, as a
servant at the moment presented a dark bottle

and two silver cups on a silver salver. "A
little I think will not hurt him!" he added, hesi-
tatingly, as he took up the bottle and looked
curiously at me.

"At least I will risk it, good father," said I.
He poured out a small quantity, and I drank
it off; and so reduced was I, that in a moment
I seemed to feel his invigorating effects in all my
veins. A minute after another servant appeared
with a dish of highly seasoned soup, which I
proceeded to dispose of with a gusto only known
to him whose fast has brought him to the bor-
ders of starvation.

"There," said the priest, pleasantly, as he
watched me empty the bowl, "you are certainly
the better for that, and presently you shall have
something more substantial. Meanwhile, my
son, if you are really sane—and, upon my con-
science, I hardly know what to think—will you
be kind enough to explain what you mean by
being dead and alive, an officer, a poor, and a
fugitive?"

"Most cheerfully, good father; and not only
explain, but give ample proof that every asser-
tion is true."

Accordingly I gave him a brief account of my
adventures, from the time I was shot down by
the bandits, till I stood at the gate of my present
refuge.

"Most wonderful!" he exclaimed, when I had
done "surprising even faster." And this ter-
rible Romadillo! to think of his escape from
the military! Really, he must have a thousand
lives!"

"Perhaps as many confederates," suggest-
ed I.

"Demons from Hades!" he added, seriously.
"Hiding the cross which hung at his girdle, and
reversely pressing it to his lips. 'Ah! poor
Don Ramon!' he murmured; 'he has had trouble
enough in saving his own; and it is little he
will retain, I fear, when all shall be over—the
salute be merciful to him!'"

Based on all sides,
there was sought for him but light, but he was
puzzled and certainly by the Rebel—Pardon
me, my son, I fear I am too much of a Royalist
and loyalist to term your fellow 'Patriot!'"

—he was overtaken by the Rebel, I say, and
his property seized; but it was gallantly rescued,
with the loss of many lives, to be again seized
by another band of robbers, and he was again
rescued by loyal hearts of the true faith. All
this, however, will cost him dearly for the
cause he must have her due for funeral rites and
masses for the repose of the slain; the Royal
troops must be paid for time spent in his ser-
vice, and when all shall have been settled, poor
Don Ramon—"

"Will that be his gained nothing by his du-
plicity?" interrupted I, with some asperity. "I
do not pity him—for, saving your presence, good
father, he is a false-hearted man! Had he been
true to his professions, he would have served
those who would in turn have rid the country of
his rangers."

"Silence, my son!" sternly replied the
priest. "I cannot listen to such language as
this!"

"Then, good father, let me change the sub-
ject," said I. "How far are we from Soto de
Marina?"

"Twenty-five leagues," he replied.

"So far?" returned I, in surprise. "I must
have sadly wandered from the direct route.
Will you be kind enough to tell me the military
how, without adding anything to wound my
feelings?"

"I will give you facts, my son, so far as I
know. The stopping of General Mina has been
wound, a part of his troops have deserted, a
few remain at Soto de Marina, where they take
thence up a fort, which will not withstand a
siege, and the rest are following their leader
through a hostile country, where they must soon
be cut to pieces by the thousands who are al-
ready on the march to crush them."

"And it will require thousands, who fight for
Spanish tyranny, to crush out the few hundreds
who have so nobly embarked in the glorious
cause of liberty," said I, proudly.

"My son," replied the priest, gravely, "be
not over-precipitous, nor vain beyond reason! Your
country may be brave, whether fighting for
liberty, tyranny or plunder; but instead of
man to man, or even one against two, they must
be utterly cut to pieces as one against a host; and
therefore they must and will fall—all! all! You
are not with them now, my son, and if you will
take the advice of one who wishes you well, you
will not follow on to certain death!"

"Good father, you mean the well, I believe,
but your advice cannot be honored. With my
brave comrades I have embarked on an ocean
of adventure; and if the dark waves of
death engulf them, it is fit that my grave
should be with theirs."

"And do you really intend to follow those
maddened men, my son?"

"I am restrained by pity, father."

"Pity you, my son—I pity you—you should
have had a brighter destiny! But come while
your supper is preparing, let me show you to a
bath, and give you a change of garments, for
we have some that are better than yours."

"I should indeed like to appear before the
ladies in better plight," I returned, hesita-
tingly; "but I fear, as a stranger and an enemy,
I shall be trespassing too much upon your hos-
pitality."

The good priest smiled kindly, as he re-
plied:

"Our Great Spiritual Capital—in whose ranks
I seek to fight the good fight, though in never
so humble a capacity—commanded his followers
to love their enemies, and do good to all men—
therefore, thank not me for what you may re-
ceive, but rather Him who is worthy of all praise.
Come, my son, I will show you the bath,
and procure you more decent apparel; and
when you shall again appear, I trust to find
you in a suitable condition for your supper."

"But not in so suitable a condition for ap-
pearing in arms against my benefactor," said I,
as the priest took up the light and I rose to fol-
low him.

At this moment a door opened near us; and
a servant with a light, followed by another
priest and four ladies, entered the hall.

"We are too late," said Father Gabriel, the
good priest with whom I had been conversing,
"for here comes Father Fabian, and La Be-
nita, and you cannot get out of the room with-
out speaking to her."

He had scarcely uttered these words, in a
quick, low tone, when La Dona Raquel, the lady
of the mansion, perceiving a stranger present,
hastily advanced before the others, looking at
them with a consultation together, and looked
compassionately at me.

"An officer of Mina's command, who has
been a prisoner among the robbers," said the
priest to the lady. And then turning to me, he
added: "My son, let me present you to our
kind and noble hostess, La Dona Raquel Maria
De Mora."

I made a low bow, and was shrinking mo-
destly back, with the intention of offering some
apology for my appearance, when, before I could
utter a word, she seized my hand, in the most
cordial manner, and in a tone that carried con-
viction of sincerity, said:

"Senior, you are welcome here, and it will af-
ford me great pleasure to be able to serve you.
Consider this house your home, and all in it at
your command."

Instinctively I looked up in her face, to see
if the expression of her features corresponded
with her words—for, as I have elsewhere in-
dicated, it is the custom of the Spaniards and
their descendants to offer you as a present what-
ever you may chance to notice or admire—
being supposed, in return, that you will have the
good sense to consider such offer a very polite
compliment and nothing more,—but the con-
science of Dona Raquel moved, both sym-
pathy and benevolence, and I was satisfied
that her words of welcome were cordially in-
tended.

She was a large, fine, noble-looking woman,
about five-and-forty years of age, with dark ex-
pressive eyes, and a face sweetly beaming with
the higher graces of both mind and soul. Her
dress of deep black, with the long, graceful
reverses draped her head and bust, harmonized
with her complexion and the sweet, grave
dignity of her disposition and years.

"I most humbly thank you, madam," said I,
in reply, "for your kindly proffer of hospitality
to one not only a stranger, but I fear an enemy
to the cause you wish to see prosper; but though
in principle we may be foes, I trust that person-
ally we shall always be friends."

Thus far I had kept my eyes upon the hostess,
and had only noticed her companions by a tran-
sient glance as they entered; but now, being
aware of a quick, unusual movement among
the ladies who had followed La Dona Raquel, I
turned to make them the customary polite
obedience; when, to my great surprise, I recog-
nized the features of two, as the beautiful Car-
losa and her mother, the wife and daughter of
Don Ramon de La Mora.

For a moment I struggled to recognize me, how-
ever, probably to the marked change in my
personal appearance, and the fact of their atten-
tion, being divided between me and their other
female companion, who had stepped a little for-
ward and aside, and, with beaming breast and
clasped hands, in an attitude of eager hope and
joyful surprise, now stood with her eyes fixed
wildly upon me.

My own attention being thus
drawn to her who was now the cynosure of all
eyes, I had only time to perceive that she was
young, and, as I fancied, enchantingly lovely,
when, to my utter amazement, she sprung for-
ward, like a leaping fawn, and, throwing her soft
arms around my neck, exclaimed, in three sweet
tones which had before thrilled my very soul:

"God and the saints be blessed! it is Don
Edmundo, alive and safe!"

For a moment or two I stood speechless with
amazement; and then, gently disengaging the
arms of the clinging and sobbing girl, I stepped
back and looked full into the beautiful face of
the trembling, blushing, and lovely—Benita Mo-
rilla.

CHAPTER XX.
A GOOD FRIEND.

It was vain for me to attempt a portrayal of
my rapturous feelings, as with the flash of re-
cognition I sprang forward and clasped the fair
girl to my breast; for now I was conscious that
the heart of the poor orphan was mine; that I
had inspired a passion, over which the moti-
ons of time could bring no change; that there
was one being in the wide world, who, through
evil or through good—on the result of some
fortune, and happiness, or in the depths of
degradation, misery and despair—would gladly
cling to me till death, and beyond death, and
alone in the world as I then was, with a void in

my heart, and a yearning for the sympathy and
affection of some gentle being whom I could in
return love, cherish, and protect, this knowledge
thrilled me with a purer joy than I had ever
known, even in the happiest moments I had
spent with her who had proved false to truth,
faithless to honor, and delusive to hope.

"Oh, Edmundo," said Benita, with tearful
eyes, as a few moments later, we found our-
selves seated side by side, with her fair hand
clasped in mine, "do you remember the last
time I saw you?"

"You stood on the steps of Don Rafael's
dwelling, waving me an affectionate adieu,"
said I.

"Oh, why, dear Edmundo, did you make that
venture alone?" My heart awoke me before
you set out—but you would not listen to me.
Well, I waited, in trembling apprehension, for
your reappearance, till I fancied I heard the re-
port of a pistol; and then I felt sure you had
been murdered, and I became so agitated that I
could scarcely stand. I tried to make your
friends understand what had happened, and got
them to go to your assistance, if possibly you
might be living; but they only shook their
heads, held a consultation together, and looked
compassionately at me. Oh, those horrible mo-
ments of torturing suspense! But what were
they compared with those which followed the
awful certainty, when some half-dozen men
rode out from the wood, and held up, piece by
piece, your garments, and shook them at us
with an air of triumph and defiance?"

"Did they indeed do that?" returned I, in
surprise; "then they must have thought the force
within the rancho stronger than their own, and
have had the design of drawing it out into an
ambuscade."

I then proceeded to relate what had hap-
pened to myself, and the discoveries I had made,
from the time of my disappearance, up to the
moment of finding myself unexpectedly in the
hands of those whom I felt I could claim to be
friends, and all listened to my narration
with breathless interest, and more than one
sincere prayer was said as a thank-offering for
my wonderful preservation and deliverance.

When I had finished my story, Benita, at my
request, related hers, in that simple, artless,
earnest manner which gave so great a charm to
everything that fell from her lips.

From the time of seeing the robbers, whom
they supposed to be soldiers, shake my gar-
ments at them so defiantly, fighting Ben and his
companion had kept constantly on the watch till
dark; and then, mounting their horses, with
Benita in front of the Kentuckian, they had
ridden cautiously forth, and picked their way
back to Soto de Marina—where, as I subse-
quently learned, General Mina had arrived be-
fore them.

On entering the town, they had met a
priest—no other than Father Fabian, already
mentioned—and to him Benita had told her story,
and had begged his protection. To be brief, he
had taken her under his charge, and the next
day had set off with her for her present quarters
—the good father being one who made his home
beneath the roof of La Dona Raquel.

Now as good fortune would have it Dona Ra-
quel, from the very first, had taken a strong
liking to Benita, and on learning her history,
she had made the somewhat wonderful dis-
covery, that she had known her parents when
in good circumstances, and felt herself under
some obligation to them for favors received;
and being now a wealthy widow, and having to
child of her own, she had resolved to purchase
the freedom of the poor orphan and adopt her.

Thus I had the further satisfaction of seeing
her in whom I took so deep an interest, in the
hands of friends, who, whatever might be my
own fate, would never let her want or suffer
again; and if anything could have increased the
happiness I experienced in meeting with her in
the manner recorded, it would have been the
whispered communication of the good fortune,
that I met her as her adopted daughter and
beloved of her father.

In the most agreeable company I had ever
seen, two hours glided away almost as so many
minutes; and so deeply interested was I with
my fair companions, that I utterly forgot my
hunger and fatigue, and my own travel-worn,
ragged, and unbecomingly appearance, till re-
minded by the good Father Gabriel that I had
not yet taken my bath, nor changed my supper.

"The ladies must really excuse me," said I;
"not for appearing before them as I am, but for
remaining so long in an disagreeable plight;
yet, without the slightest desire to flatter them
beyond the truth, let me add, that in no other
company in the world do I believe I could have
been kept from thinking of myself for so long a
time."

"Pray let us be as complimentary as your
sight returned Carlos, with a light laugh."
"Did you that you have made yourself so very
agreeable, in manner and conversation, that it
has never occurred to us to scrutinize your ap-
pearance. And I will wager my sweetest smile
against Benita's prettiest blush," she continued,
"that she thinks you robed as a gallant knight
of the days of chivalry."

"At least," rejoined Benita, with a sad, piteous
smile, "I am in him my deliverer, rescued from
death and worse than death, and as such he
must look primarily in my eyes, though clad in
the garments of a beggar."

"I venture the palm," said I, "and shall scarcely
date myself on another complimentary remark."

and when he had concluded, exclaimed: "You thought it was small, did you not?"

mission, says of an overjoyed man that "it had been proved that, after having kindled his fire, he struck a spark in the end of the bellows, to save the little wind that was left in them."

1. Folger says of modernism—"Though I
 am sure are the pillars of the fabric, modernism
 the windows which give the good light."
 2. Mr. Folger hopes the "hugs" of
 modernism will be as good as well.

under a tremendous tree, and at one side was another man busy to work. The wheel and helped him to serve the power found after round was discharged. With the suddenly in an interval of working state. "Automatically here done, you have your the your head in a war contrary to regulation." The principal house of coin—The house of silver.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Surgery in Georgia.

Here is a passage from an episode that will make the reader laugh "somewhat," or we are greatly mistaken. Some ten years ago, having received my diploma from the Philadelphia Medical School, I started off, and in a few weeks had set up in the northern part of Georgia a shingle, whereby I tendered my services as Physician and Surgeon.

A few days after, as I was engaged in the preparation of diverse medicines, the door of my office was opened, and a tall, brawny specimen of the genus homo entered.

Apparently quite at his ease, he pulled off his battered cap, and stepping up to a small mirror, poked his hand over an enormous mass of fiery hair, and complacently remarked:

"There's a head of hair for you! what do you think of that?"

Having expressed my admiration thereof, he removed his coat, and unclothing himself in my arm chair, said—

"Well, at any rate, you can't go to work and now off a couple of pounds! It's coming on hot now, and the swamp is a mighty pesky place for breeding the warts!"

I readily replied that I was exceedingly sorry, but that really I could hardly enumerate hair-cutting among my accomplishments.

"What," said he, regarding me with a look of huge contempt, "what's let on to be a surgeon, and can't cut hair?"

And so, assuming his hat and coat, he strode disdainfully away. Not long after, just as I was congratulating myself on being so well rid of him, the door opened again, and my customer reappeared, with a visage highly inflamed with alcoholic beverages.

"Look here, stranger," said he, fiercely, "maybe you hold yourself too good to cut my hair?"

I immediately and eagerly disclaimed any such feeling, and he soon departed, after having remarked, while gently tapping the horn-handle of his bowie—"I'm cursed if it ain't well you don't, or perhaps I might have done a little cuttin' myself!"

If he had come again, I should have cut his hair gratis.

Buttons-Holes on Both Sides.

A gentleman in Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a black attendant, who was a native of Africa, and never could be taught to hand things invariably to the left hand of the guests at table.

At length, his master thought of an infallible expedient to direct him, and as the male were then worn in Charleston single-breasted, in the present Quaker fashion, he told him aware to hand the plate to the button-hole side. Unfortunately,

however, for the poor fellow, on the day after he had received the important lesson, there was among the guests at dinner a foreign gentleman, with a double-breasted coat, and he was for a while completely at a stand.

He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and finally, quite confounded at the outlandish make of the stranger's garment, he cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaiming in a loud voice: "Buttons on both sides, massa, handed the plate right over the gentleman's head."

Couldn't Get His Baggage.

A contemporary states that a gentleman who holds a responsible position under the government concluded to change his lodgings.

He sent one of the waiters of the hotel where he had selected apartments after his baggage.

Meeting the waiter at hour or two afterwards he said—

"Well, John, did you bring my baggage down?"

"No, sir!" blantly responded the stable gentleman.

"Why not, was the reason?"

"Case, sir, the gentleman in the office said you had not paid your bill."

"Not paid my bill? Why, that's singular, he knew me very well when he kept the Grand Hotel in Philadelphia."

"Well, massa," rejoined John, thoughtfully wringing his head, "dat was his reason: he wouldn't 'g' me no baggage."

The gentleman laughed and paid his bill.

A Struck Aboard of South.

A dispute arose between two Southmen, named Campbell and M'Lean, upon the antiquity of their families.

The latter would not allow that the Campbell had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were as extensive as a cat since the beginning of the world.

Campbell had a little more British knowledge than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of the M'Leans was before the flood?

"Food? what food?" asked M'Lean.

"The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family, and his flock, said Campbell."

"Food? you and your food," said M'Lean. "My clan was where the food."

"I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark."

"Noah's ark?" returned M'Lean, in contempt. "Who ever heard of a M'Lean that hadn't a boat of his own?"

Next, M'Lean asked Campbell a question—

"Suppose, the other, would either take medicine, and his medical man was often obliged to resort to some straggler to improve a few drops of his."

There is a fact in which the latter is concerned, in prison, he drank a glass of prison rum, and was paying this character one night, and had given directions to have the cup filled with port wine, but that was his terror, when he came to drink it, to find that it contained a dose of mumps! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his comrades he had drained every drop of it.

He drank the medicine with the contents of a prison mortar, but he never forgot the dose he had taken, as he was proved, for he died without pining his ball.

A FORTUNE AHEAD. In the old North State, it is undoubtedly the wealthiest spot on earth, and it was on that account that some "latter century gentlemen" were surprised one day to see a Blacksmith at work upon an enormous looking "how" in the ground?

"Digging a grave, and?"

"Digging a grave? Why, I thought people didn't die often here—do they?"

"Oh, no, sir, they never die but once!"

They never asked that question, "but once."



THE MILITARY MALL.

MARMA—"Now, miss, have you written down the distinctions of rank on your card, as I told you?"

ALICE—"Yes, ma."

MARMA—"Very well, then, recollect you've no excuse this time; and if I catch you dancing with any one below a captain, you don't go out for a month!"

Aristocrats of a Contraband.

In one of the Maine regiments at Fort Rival, had a colored servant named Tally, who talked very bravely when spoken to about joining the colored brigade.

To test his courage, the captain told him that he was about to visit the main land, and asked Tally if he would go with him and help fight the rebels. Tally, after scratching his head and rubbing his thumb a few moments, replied—

"Dun know 'bout dat, boss. I've over on de main a short spell ago, an' I've lived low but me over here, an' be done in, but I dun dare risk him again, boss!"—*From Moore's "Adventures of the War."*

Mamma's Talk.

"No, Amy, you're quite wrong. I never was refused in all my life."

"Oh, then, how can you say so? Why, there was Louis Napoleon!"

"I tell you again, you're wrong, completely wrong. In 1871, I was 'declined with thanks'—but I never was refused."

Speaking of a young man who is in the habit of speaking the young ladies of that era, the Boston Messenger says: "For having heard him declare in useful strains to each of his young ladies in one evening, that she was 'all the world' to him, we can safely inform him as the most 'harmonious' lyre of our acquaintance."

"Well, Mr. Robinson, and how does your son get on with his violin?" "Annoyingly. There were fourteen of us all playing together last night, and he took the lead."

"Capital! Admirable!" "Yes, and he kept it up so well, sir, that none of us could reach him."

Great Water Power.—The editor of the Scientific American recommends, from practical experience, the following simple method of keeping ice-water for a long time in a common pitcher, thus obtaining the economy of purchasing a cooler. The expense of what would keep a family in the greater part of the summer. Place between two sheets of paper two paper will answer that purpose better, a layer of cotton batting, about half an inch in thickness, fanned the ends of paper and being together, forming a circle, then sew or paste a cover over one end, making a box the shape of a water pipe hat, minus the rim. Place this over a pitcher filled with ice-water, making it deep enough to rest on the table so as to exclude the air and the water will be unharmed at the length of time the ice will keep, and the water remain cold after the ice has melted.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cotton's Columns.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FARMER'S FORT.

The leaves of several thousand of small cotton plants will soon become at attention attention, and the seedlings of two or three agricultural papers in the same direction, are aware of the fact, and in consequence seedlings. Live five years longer, bear in mind our destination, and you will say—"I am very right, sir."

The position of all the small fruits cannot be compared to those twenty years. The same for strawberries, cherries, currants, gooseberries, blackberries, raspberries, and elderberries, rapidly becoming more popular every year, and to keep pace with the fast increasing demand, a great many people more than are at present engaged in the enterprise must plant and propagate on their farms that they are doing, or have ever done.

The present year, all the small fruits have been sold at better prices in all markets throughout the country than they ever commanded before. And this enormous price has been the result of short supplies since as a general rule, at the same attention of high prices has obtained in many of our markets in the neighborhood of which berries and other small fruits have been as abundant as they ever were.

The growing of all the smaller fruits and berries is a profitable business. That of strawberries, blackberries and raspberries, especially so, finding as they do large dividends on small investments of stock, requiring but little more compared with the usual field crops, occupying comparatively small space, and then a good deal of the work, culture, picking, and preparing for market may be performed by the small class, male and female, as well as the untrained

and crippled of both sexes, whose services are not available at any other kind of farm or garden labor. Besides all these advantages, there is that of quick return, as a plant set berries at the proper season and under correct conditions will afford a full yield the second year, paying all the cost of stock and preparation, and a large interest besides on the investment. Let us see—

A fair average crop of raspberries, in the second year, if properly planted and cared for, will be about sixty-five bushels, or two thousand and six hundred and fifty berries, which at twenty-five cents per quart—give \$125 or \$130 per acre.

Then the owner will go on bearing maximum crops with judicious management and equal output for six years, making the average net profit per acre not less than \$400 per annum.

A great many raspberry patches per acre are larger than this, but infrequently four, five, and six hundred dollars net profit are realized in a season from a single acre of raspberries.

Still better educated in straw berry, blackberry, and raspberry culture, we shall not presume to advise in the present, beyond suggesting that now is the time to begin to think seriously upon the subject, and as such an enterprise promising liberal returns money by investing early in the art of small fruit growers, should begin to consider good authorities upon the subject, which they will find in several of our little papers devoted to gardening, horticulture, etc.

We are simply going to say presently in conclusion, that the very best fertilizer for strawberries, and all the other berries in the same culture and clipping, gathered while green and buried in damp soil where they rapidly decompose. These of course will not make up for the loss of material, but must be substituted, then, as a transformed soil, of wood ashes, and half the bulk of bone in the same place of decomposition, to which is added the same quantity of lime for berries and all the small fruits will be obtained.

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ry family, only as they are a beautiful creamy white when ripe, they are not properly a "white blackberry," as some of our horticultural savants call them—but simply a white berry. We received one day this week, from a friend in Vermont, a box of the berries, in prime condition, size large and very uniform, the flavor fully equal to any berry, white or black, we have ever tasted.

Our friend, who is not a horticulturist strictly, and has a White Berry plants to dispose of, writes—"I have cultivated these berries successfully since 1882, out doors, exposed to all our Vermont vicissitudes, with no more care than is required by our native berries. They are strong growers, liberal bearers, and I believe will prove entirely hardy in all our northern regions where the ordinary black berry thrives."

Judging from what we have seen of the berry in its native, the sample from Vermont and the foregoing report, we should say that the White Berry would be a valuable acquisition to our list of small fruits.

GATHERED GRAINS.

Tennessee are telling us triumphantly by letter, that they are certainly going to harvest by very large odds, the largest corn-crop ever grown in that state.

Some statistical mathematician, who had better have been employed cultivating corn, has been figuring up that the Illinois corn-crop of the present year, if manufactured into 1 penny cakes 4 1/2 inches each, would build a continuous line half nine feet thick and eleven feet high, to the moon, and 1,000 miles of the distance back, and would feed everybody in this world four days.

They are beginning to turn out two hundred and fifty acre cotton fields in Illinois. Corn will have to vacate the Southern state one of these days—falling back before the cotton staple.

In all Eastern Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and West Jersey, the intention of farmers is to seed a much wider breadth in wheat and rye than has been put in in any previous year.

RECEIPTS.

Blackberry Wine.—The blackberries must all be full ripe and without blemish. Measure them, and of fruit allow a quart of clear soft water. Boil the water by itself. Put the blackberries into a clean tub, and wash them with a wooden bowl or a mallet. When the water has boiled, pour it on the blackberries, and let it stand till next morning in a cool place, stirring it occasionally. Then press out all the juice, measure it, and to every quart of liquid add half a pound of sugar. Put the mixture in a cork and strain the liquid upon it through a cork bag, or if it is very fine, the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Let the cork remain stopped till the liquor has done working. Then add half an ounce of angelica, or an ounce of gum-arabic, dissolved in a little hot water. You may substitute for the angelica or gum-arabic the beaten whites of four eggs. Keep it open till next morning. It may be bottled in a cork, and the cork may be made of wood, or black paper, or wax.

Blackberry Jam.—Take large, the berries, that are full grown, but not yet beginning to turn red, and pick off their tops and stalks. Then weigh the fruit, and allow a gallon of clear soft water to every three pounds of berries. Put them into a large, clean pot, pour on a little of the water, and wash them thoroughly with a wooden bowl, and add the remainder of the water, and give the whole a hard stirring. Cover the tub with a cloth, and let it stand four days, stirring it frequently and thoroughly in the bottom. Then strain the liquid through a coarse linen cloth, into another vessel, and to each gallon of liquid add half a pound of sugar, and to every gallon a quart of the juice of one lemon, and a little of the juice of one orange. Mix the water together, and put it into a clean bowl, that will just hold the jam, and should be filled full. Place the bowl on the fire, in a cork, dry part of the boiler, and let the jam boil on the top. Secure the cork firmly in its place so that it cannot be stirred, or shaken, or moved, as the jam will become very thick, and will not work for a fortnight, or more, till the jam is done. A little ground ginger, with a small cup of sweet cream, added to the jam, is a most delicious treat.

Blackberry Jam.—Take a quart of blackberries, mix large apples peeled and sliced in thin pieces, half a pound of sugar, and three or four slices of lemon peel, make a light paste, use a deep dish, and fill it with the above ingredients, and on the top put a layer of one pound of sugar, and a little of the juice of one lemon. A little ground ginger, with a small cup of sweet cream, added to the jam, is a most delicious treat.

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